

## OUR SOCIAL CHAT

All letters intended for this department should be addressed to "Aunt Jennie," care of The Progressive Farmer, Raleigh, N. C.

### Aunt Jennie's Letter.

If parents would teach their children to respect old age, not only because of the gray hairs, but because of the wisdom which the years have brought, there would soon be a wholesome change in the attitude of the young towards their elders. Learning to respect them they would consult them on important matters and not try to "go it on their own hook," and thus find themselves in so many "close places," but thus be saved from many pitfalls and snares that beset the paths of the young and inexperienced. Life has enough difficulties and failures without those which can be avoided by seeking good advice from those who perhaps have at least stumbled and are therefore able to point out to us the rough places and help us to avoid them. I believe that work is one of the best antidotes for mischief of all kinds. J. J. Sloan, Superintendent of the House of Correction of Chicago for the past several years says: "Of the more than a thousand prisoners that I care for every month, not one in fifty understands how to work, and I would add not one in fifty wishes to work. If boys and men could be inspired to work Houses of Correction would go out of existence." What a powerful argument coming from one who has studied the subject so many years. Ours is an energetic nation and we have learned to play international sporting games so well that our boys are distancing all competitors on the field. Well, did you ever see a good student a poor player in any outdoor sport? We have been clamoring for a State Reformatory, and we need it, but if we fail to get it I think the next best thing for our boys would be to put them to work. Help them to get employment and then help them to hold the job. Advice is a hard pill to swallow, and it tastes bad sometimes; in fact, the flavor of it lingers long after the giver has forgotten having administered it. Let us older persons bestir ourselves and take more interest in the welfare of the boys. If we could at all times remember that the future of our beloved country depends on the boys and girls who are to follow us, I think we would try to be more helpful to them. So many of our American children are raising themselves, or being raised by the neighborhood children who have raised themselves, and that is what is causing so much chronic domestic heartache, nervous prostration, and that is what has made so many habitual drug fiends. Paregoric, laudanum, morphine and similar drugs would not have such enormous sales if we had not let the rope that binds us and ours to home rule.

Whither are we drifting? Why only a few days since I was shocked at hearing a grown young woman tell her sick mother that nothing she did for her was appreciated, and then

openly accuse her of partiality in the home. This is a sample of the goods that is painfully worn by many a modern mother, and can we wonder that the country is rampant with misdeeds when the children do not respect their parents, for it must needs follow as night the day that they respect no other person. Lord Bacon, of old English days, wrote: "An active mind and an active body, usefully employed, will never suffer from mischief." Therefore it were well to keep the boy busy lest harm overtake him and he succumb.

The canning season is nearly over, but we have not forgotten how difficult it is to open the cans in cold weather, and I must tell you of "The Triumph" fruit jar wrench that I use. It solves the puzzle for you and saves nerve force, for when placed over the top of the jar it adjusts itself and one twist loosens the top and off it comes at once, and there you are "triumphant" without even having made one face.

I hope to hear from more of you this week. AUNT JENNIE.

### Easy Way of Washing.

Dear Aunt Jennie:—I used a washing machine for years, but now follow what I find is an easier and better way of washing. I soak everything, except flannels and colored clothes, over night, or, when that is not convenient, soak for awhile in cold water in the morning. Heat sufficient water, in the boiler, to boil the clothes without crowding, having sliced therein one third of a cake of soap. When it reaches the scalding point, stir in two tablespoonsful of kerosene, and put in the finest and whitest pieces, soaping wristbands, etc. Punch the clothes down frequently, and boil 15 minutes. Take out in a tub and slightly rub pieces that are most soiled. For the next batch slice about one-sixth of remainder of the soap, and add one tablespoonful of kerosene. Then put in the remainder of the clothes. If the washing is so large that there must still be another batch, proceed as with the second lot. When all are out, take boiler from fire, and put in colored shirts, calicos, etc., which have been wet in water in which the white clothes were soaked. I wash the colored clothes after the white ones, in same water, and unless they are very dirty, or the number of pieces is large, that one water suffices. For bluing I use the best and made as follows: To one quart of soft water, add one ounce of Chinese or Prussian blue, and one ounce oxalic acid. One or two teaspoonfuls are sufficient for a tub of water. Washed in this way the clothes have a white, clear appearance, and last at least a third longer than when washed by the old method.

MRS. A. E. STORY.

Clay Center, Kan.

Cherish ideals as the traveler cherishes the north star, and keep the guiding light pure and bright and high above the horizon.—Newell Dwight Hillis.

### At the Altar.

And so the words are spoken and the indissoluble knot is tied. Amen. For better, for worse, for good days or evil, love each other, cling to each other, dear friends. Fulfill your course and accomplish your "life's toil." In sorrow, soothe each other; in illness, watch and tend. Cheer, fond wife, the husband's struggle; lighten his gloomy hours with your tender smiles and gladden his home with your love. Husband, father, whatsoever your lot, be your heart pure, your life honest. For the sake of those who bear your name, let no bad action sully it. As you look at those innocent faces, which ever tenderly greet you, be yours, too, innocent, and your conscience without reproach. As the young people kneel before the altar-railing, some such thoughts as these pass through a friend's mind who witnesses the ceremony of their marriage. Is not all we hear in this place meant to apply to ourselves and to be carried away for everyday cogitation?—W. M. Thackeray.

### Hygiene of the Hair.

In order to give to your hair the hygienic care which it demands it is necessary, ladies, that you should know:

First, that the scalp dislikes dampness, which soaks it, and is hurtful to its vitality.

Second, that the scalp requires constant airing, to assist the evaporation of perspiration and other secretions of the skin, which have as injurious an effect upon it as dampness.

Third, that both the scalp and the hair dislike violent twisting and pulling, which put their strength and solidity to a hard test.

These three fundamental principles being known, they should be remembered and applied in the best way, and as frequently as possible.—October Woman's Home Companion.

Women are more likely to condemn than men. Women judge too hastily by outward appearances, by clothes, conversation, manners and all that sort of thing. We acknowledge that manners mean a lot; so do clothes; so does one's dignity and bearing, but there are people who seem never to acquire these very valuable frills of life, and yet they are not unworthy of friendship, sympathy and affections, because of their shortcomings. You don't hate a man because he limps or because he is near-sighted, or because his hair won't stay intact upon the top of his head. Why should you hate him because his thoughts are not in style? Or because his way of living differs from yours, or his manners of speech, his religion, or his opinions and life generally?

"If you are an invalid, do your best to get well; but, if you must remain an invalid, still strive for the unselfishness and serenity which are the best possessions of health. There are no sublimer victories than some that are won on sick-beds."—P. Gerhardt.

### He Did the Talking.

A lively-looking porter stood on the rear platform of a sleeping car in the Pennsylvania station, says the Cleveland Plain Dealer, when a fussy and choleric old man clambered up the steps. He stopped at the door, puffed for a moment, and then turned to the young man in uniform.

"Porter," he said, "I'm going to St. Louis to the Fair. I want to be well taken care of. I pay for it. Do you understand?"

"Yes, sir, but—"

"Never mind any 'buts.' You listen to what I say. Keep the train boys away from me. Dust me off whenever I want you to. Give me an extra blanket, and if there is any one in the berth over me, slide him into another. I want you to—"

"But, say boss, I—"

"Young man, when I'm giving instructions I prefer to do the talking myself. You do as I say. Here is a two-dollar bill. I want to get the good of it. Not a word, sir."

The train was starting. The porter pocketed the bill with a grin and swung himself to the ground.

"All right, boss!" he shouted. "You can do the talking if you want to. I'm powerful sorry you wouldn't let on that train."

"Judge not; the working of his brain And of his heart thou canst not see;

What looks to thy dim eyes a strain, In God's pure light may only be A scar, brought from some well-fought field

Where thou wouldst only faint and yield.

"The look, the air that frets thy sight,

May be a token that below The soul has closed in deadly fight With some internal fiery foe, Whose glance would scorch thy smiling grace, And cast thee shuddering on thy face."

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